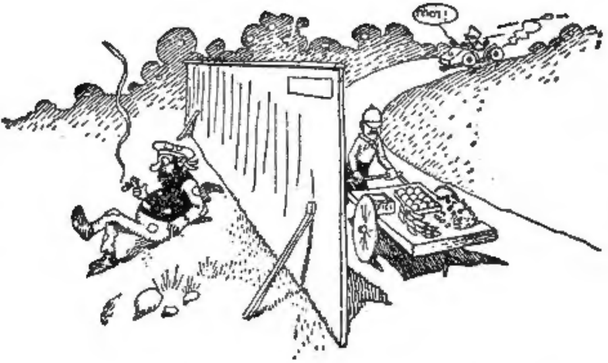
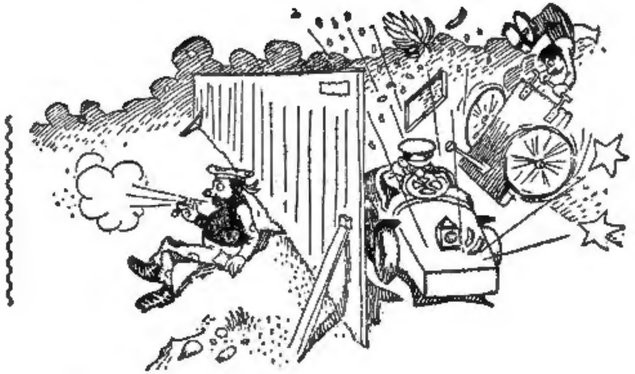
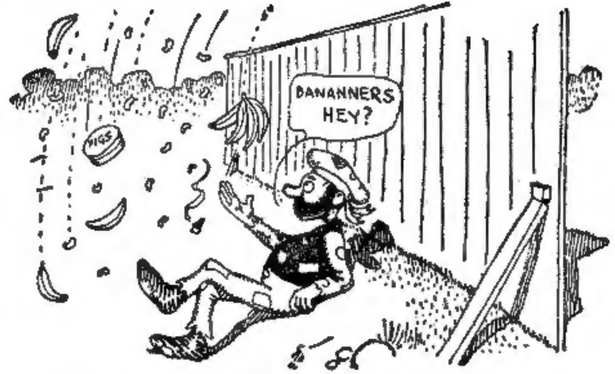
THINGS WILL TAKE A TURN.



Lucky Louie—"Aw, luck's ag'in me oncest more. I'm hungry an'——



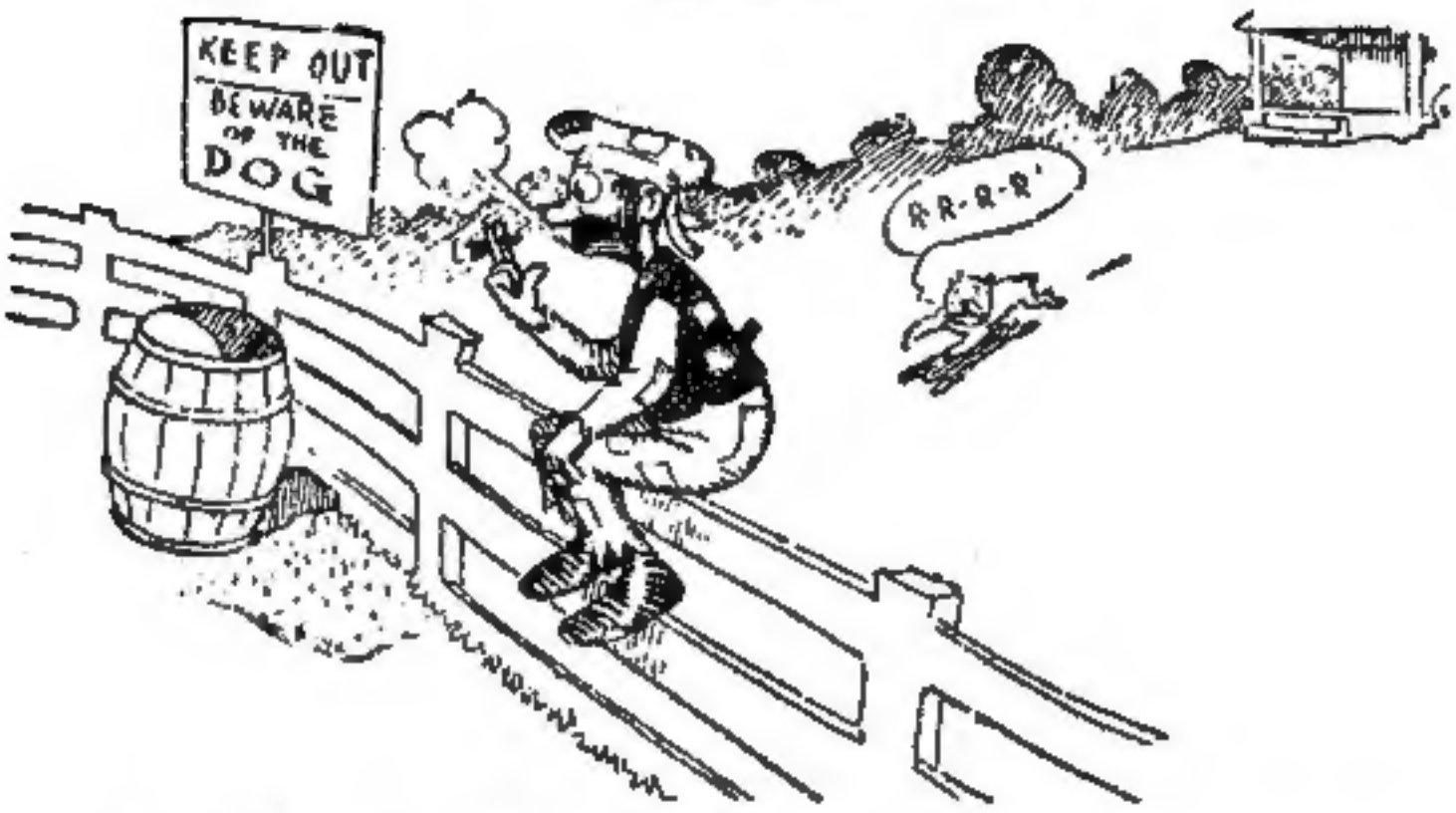
"Gee! Wot's dat noise?



"Well, if it ain't a-rainin' bananners!

"Yes, I knowed my luck would fix me somehow."

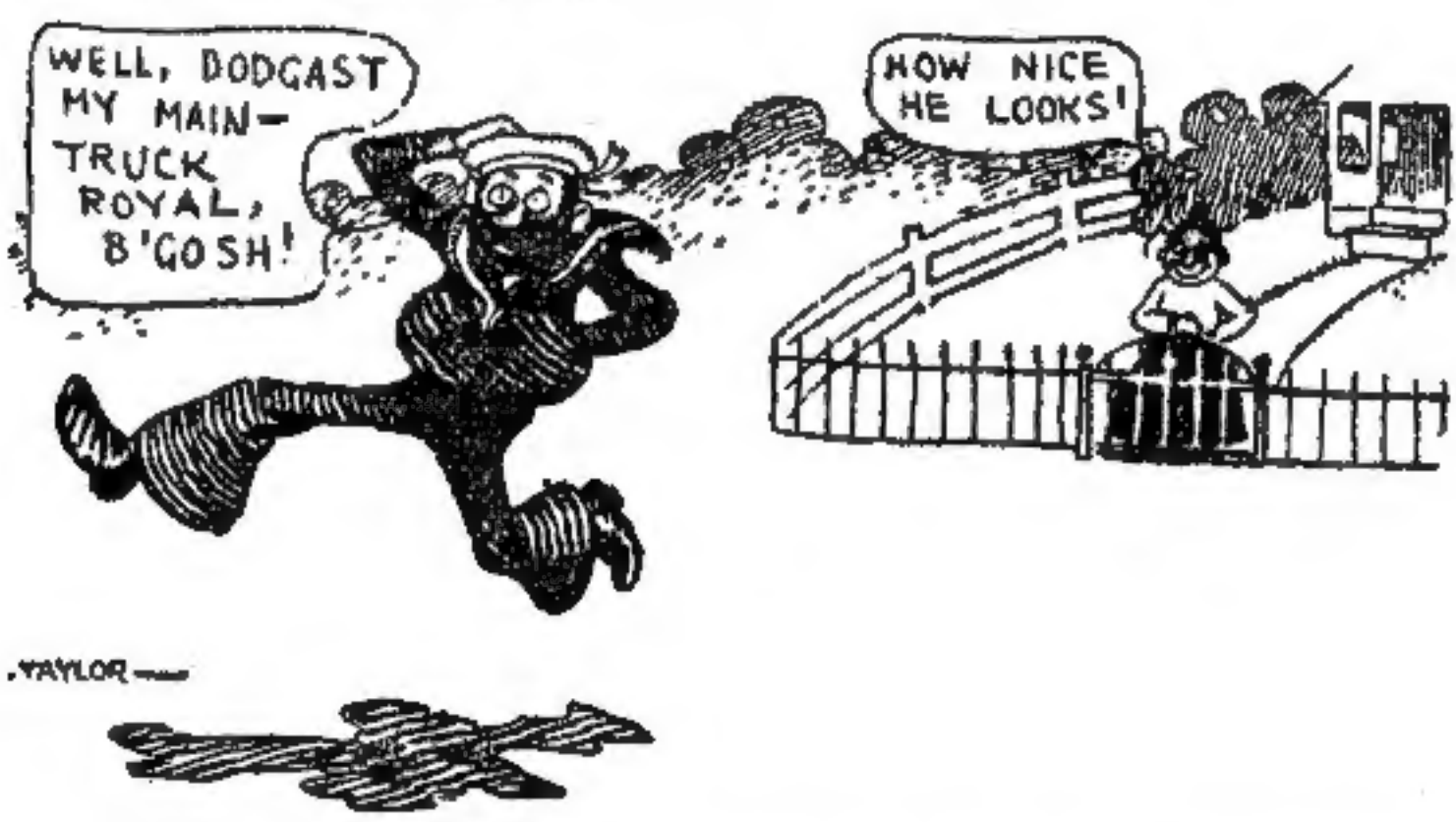
IN LUCK AGAIN.



Lucky Looie—"Well, I'm gittin' sick o' dese patches an' rags! Wish I had a nice new suit. I'd be jest as happy as——

"Wow! Whoo! Whee! Wow! Help!"

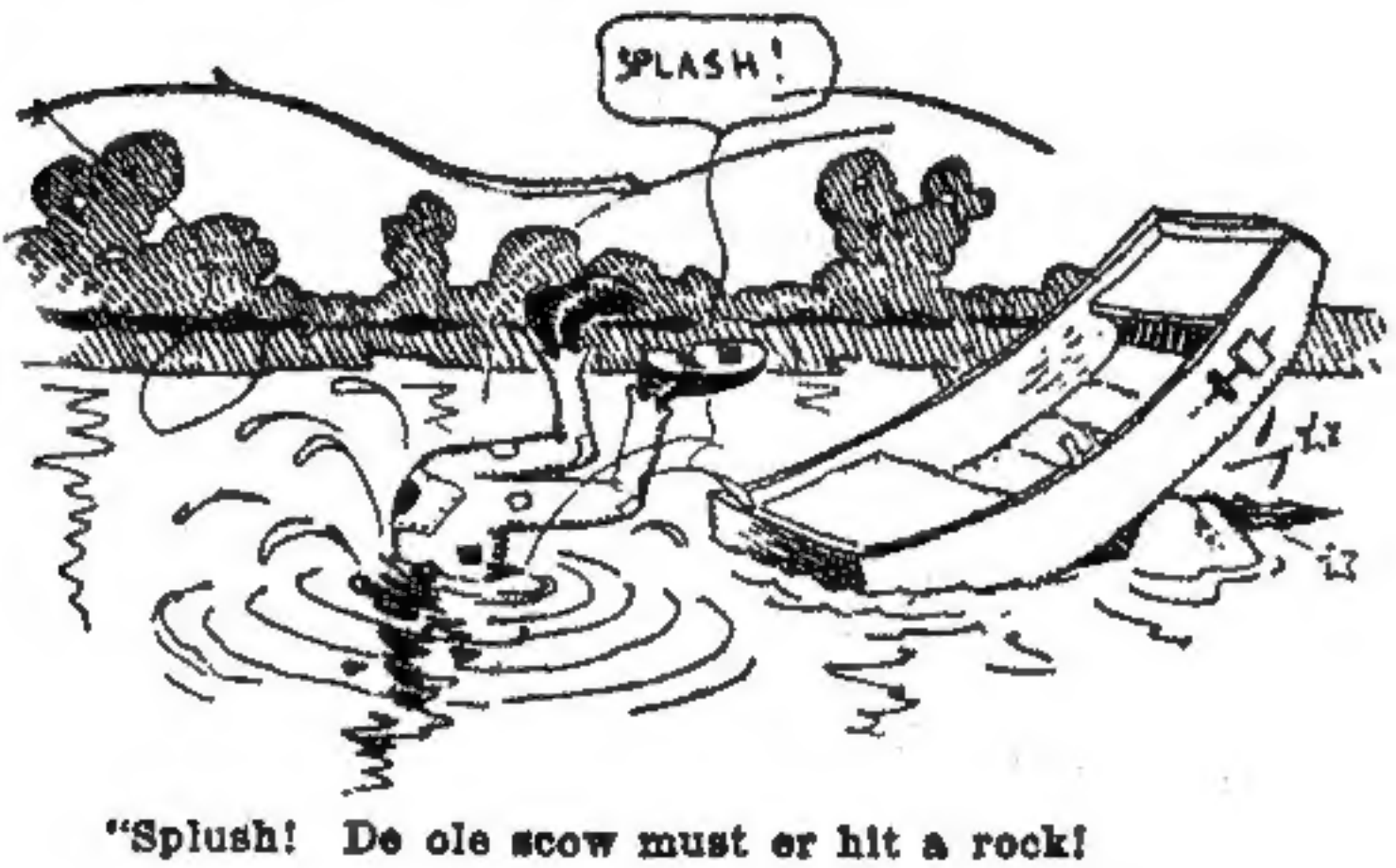
Mrs. Roobe—"Oh, you poor man! Come to the house and I'll give you some old clothes my son wore in the navy. You poor fellow!"



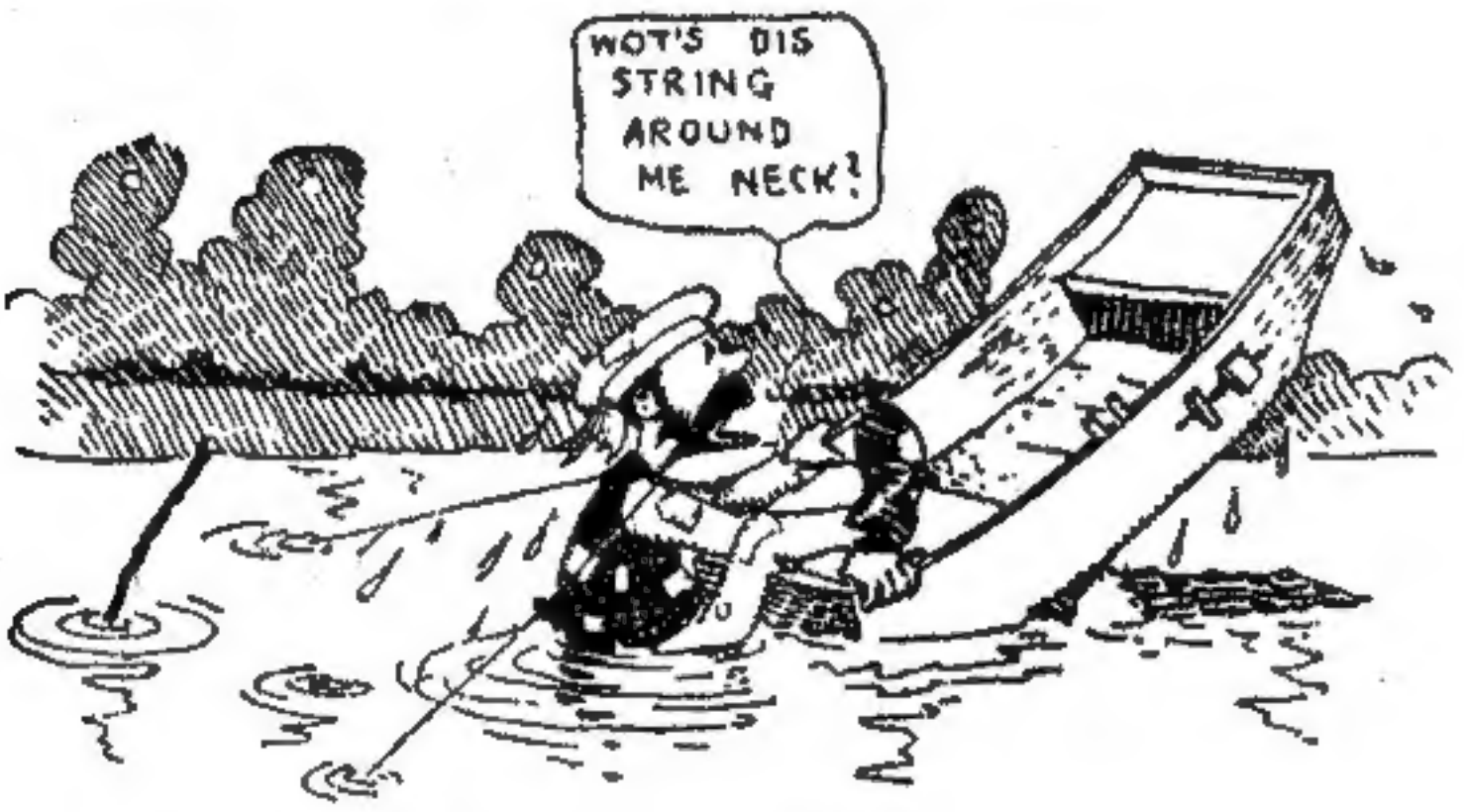
Looie—"Now, den, I'm a sailor fer fair! Shiver my timbers! Vast heavin'! Wow! An' jes' wot I hev allus wanted!"

CLOUD STILL HAS A SILVER LINING.

Lucky Lole—"Confound de luck! I been driftin' along here fer a hour an' ain't had no bites yet——



"Splush! De ole scow must er hit a rock!



"Lemme out o' dis! I'm drowned. I——

"Whoopee! I run inter somebody's set line! Oh, I guess I ain't so shy on luck, hey?"